

THE DIAL

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THE DIAL

VOL. VII. AUGUST, 1886. No. 76.

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TOLSTOI, AND THE RUSSIAN INVASION OF THE REALM OF FICTION.*

IN THE DIAL (March and May, 1886) parts one and two of "War and Peace" are briefly noticed, and a short sketch is given of their author. Now have appeared (in English translation) part three of the same wonderful work, and also three of the earlier works of Tolstoi: "Childhood," "Boyhood," and "Youth," the three bound together and forming a connected series. Of them the translator says:

"That these memoirs reflect the man, in his mental and moral youth, there can be no doubt; but they do not strictly conform to facts in other respects, and therefore merit the title which he gives them, *novels*."

Novels they are *not*. They lack a love-story or other plot, and a heroine; and they are without even a hero, unless we accept a thoughtless child, a bad boy, and an absurdly egotistical youth, as the hero. Pictures of Russian real life, they are—perfect pictures. The only open question is, are the subjects worth the canvas?

* CHILDHOOD, BOYHOOD, YOUTH. By Count Léon Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

WAR AND PEACE. A historical novel. By Count Léon Tolstoi. Translated into French by a Russian lady, and from the French by Clara Bell. Part III. Borodino, The French at Moscow, Epilogue. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

If there existed in this 19th century such a portrayal of English life in the 9th or any earlier century, its value would be simply inestimable. Hence we may conclude that such photographic views as these given to the world by the new school of "realism" will live through the ages, growing in value as they grow in years. As long as a copy of Tolstoi shall survive, the world need never be ignorant of what life meant in Russia when the nobles owned the serfs body and soul, and the Czar owned all. Meanwhile the question of current value must be settled by each reader largely according to his personal bias.

The boy's life begins in the country and is early transferred to Moscow. He finally, before the narrative closes, enters the university; where, through folly and bad guidance, he becomes dissipated, and fails in his examination for the second year's course. Everything, in the country and in the city, is detailed with the minuteness of a mosaic.

As a specimen of life-like detail, take these from among the earliest recollections of the narrator:

"On the other side of the door . . . was the corner where we were put on our knees." (As a punishment.) "How well I remember that corner! I remember the stove-door, and the slide in it, and the noise this made when it was turned. You would kneel and kneel in that corner until your knees and back ached, and you would think, 'Karl Ivanitch has forgotten me . . . ' And then you would begin to hint of your existence, to softly open and shut the damper, or pick the plaster from the wall; but if too big a piece suddenly fell noisily to the floor the fright was worse than the whole punishment. You would peep round at Karl Ivanitch; and there he sat, book in hand, as though he had not noticed anything."

Here is another typical bit:

"I knew, myself, not only that I could not kill a bird with my stick, but that it was impossible to fire it off. That was what the game consisted in. If you judge things in that fashion, then it is impossible to ride on chairs; but, thought I, Volodya himself must remember how, on long winter evenings, we covered an armchair with a cloth and made a calash out of it, while one mounted as coachman, the other as footman, and the girls sat in the middle, with three chairs for a troika of horses, and we set out on a journey. And how many adventures happened on the way! And how merrily and swiftly the winter evenings passed! Judging by the present standard, there would be no games. And if there were no games, what is left?"

To show the boldness of the writer in treating of a boy's development, and also (by a side-light) the relation borne by female serfs to their masters, we will venture on one more excerpt from "Youth." (Volodya is the elder brother of the autobiographer.)

"But not one of the changes which took place in my views of things was so surprising to me myself as that in consequence of which I ceased to regard one of our maids as a female servant, and began to regard her as a woman. . . . Mascha was twenty-five when I was fourteen; she was very pretty, . . . remarkably white, luxuriantly developed. . . . Some one in slippers was ascending the next turn of the stairs . . . the sound of the footsteps suddenly ceased and I heard Mascha's voice: 'Now, what are you playing pranks for? Will it be well when Marya Ivanovna comes?' 'She won't come,' said Volodya's voice in a whisper, and then there was some movement as if he had attempted to detain her. 'Now what are you doing with your hands, you shameless fellow!' And Mascha ran past me with her neckerchief pushed one side, so that her plump white neck was visible beneath it."

The tiresomeness of an egotistical youth is graphically conveyed by the simple process of making the record of his mean thoughts and lying words tiresome to the reader. He talks—and talks—and talks—about himself and others, through 380 pages, and even then only reaches his seventeenth year. It is realistic—photographic—almost microscopic. But on the whole it reminds the reader of the Pre-Raphaelite who wanted to paint the Rocky mountains life-size.

The translator has left some rugged spots which suggest the difficulties he has overcome in other places.

Now, turning to the closing part of "War and Peace," we encounter the same minuteness; but being here applied to huge historical events, and personages whose very names make the blood boil, it is almost beyond criticism. Napoleon, Koutousow, Borodino, Moscow, the practical annihilation of 400,000 invaders: this is the theme; and dullness is not possible to it in the hands of Tolstol.

Where graphic detail is the pride and glory of the work, it becomes extremely difficult even to indicate its quality, as a whole, by quotation. One might get a fair idea of it by reading, entire, the chapters devoted to the awful day of Borodino—the day when Napoleon's star left the zenith, on its way toward its setting. You pass the night preceding the battle in the very tent with Napoleon: you hear him complain of his cold—blow his nose—rail at all doctors and all medicine—moralize on the art of war. You see him rubbed down, like a horse, by his valets. You see him drink his rum punch; and you go forth with him before dawn to peer into the darkness and listen to the firing of the first gun.

Thenceforth, all day long, you watch the hideous struggle; not with the free, roving glance of the historian, but with the shuddering eyes of a participant. Here and there, first on one side and then on the other, among the cavalry, the infantry, the artillery, the staff, you ride, you run, you walk: and when

darkness has fallen, you spend the night in a hospital, with its sobs and groans and stench. If you are a civilian it is all, probably, only the spectacle of a fine panorama: and you hail it as "glorious!" If you have ever seen the actuality, you are more likely, as you read this, to say to yourself once more, "Accursed be battles, and those who cause them to be fought!"

Here is a hospital scene which illustrates Tolstol's fine boldness. (In the book it fills many pages. Want of space compels its injury by omissions.)

"Prince André was laid on an operating table that had just been cleared; a surgeon was sponging it down. The cries and moans, on one hand, and the agonizing pain he felt in his back, paralyzed his faculties. Everything was mixed up into one single impression of naked, bloodstained flesh filling the low tent. . . . The further table was surrounded with people. A tall, strongly built man was stretched upon it, his head thrown back; there was something familiar to Prince André in the color of his curling hair, and the shape of his head. Several hospital attendants were leaning on him with all their weight to keep him from stirring. One leg, fat and white, was constantly twitching with a convulsive movement, and his whole body shook with violent and choking sobs.

Prince André felt himself in the hands of the attendant. . . . The surgeon bent down and examined his wound and sighed deeply; then he called another to help him, and the next instant Prince André lost consciousness from the intense agony he suddenly felt. When he came to himself, the pieces of his broken ribs, with the torn flesh still clinging to them, had been extracted from his wound, and it had been dressed. He opened his eyes, the doctor bent over him, kissed him silently and went away, without looking back. After that fearful torture, a feeling of indescribable comfort came over him. His fancy reverted to the happy days of infancy, especially those hours when, after he had been undressed and put into his little bed, his old nurse had sung him to sleep. . . . The surgeons were still busy over the man he fancied he had recognized; they were supporting him in their arms and trying to soothe him. 'Show it to me—show it to me,' he said; fairly crying with pain. . . . They showed him his amputated leg, with the blood-stained boot still on it. 'Oh!' he exclaimed and wept as bitterly as a woman."

André recognizes him as a man who had grievously wronged him—had stolen his lady-love.

"Prince André remembered everything; and tender pitifulness rose up in his heart, which was full of peace. He could not restrain tears of compassion and charity, which flowed for all humanity, for himself, for his own weakness, and for that of this hapless creature."

A fine simile is made by Tolstol, when, in moralizing on the Moscow campaign, he compares the combatants to two swordsmen, of whom the attacked and defeated one, sorely wounded, kills his assailant with a club. Perhaps the greatest literary triumph of the whole

work is the picture of Napoleon, at Moscow, publishing conciliatory addresses to the people whom he has defeated; and sinking into helpless despair as they repay his smiles with frowns and his futile blessings with curses.

The difficulty in realistic novel-writing (more even than in the other kind) is in knowing what to omit. Much detail is good. Too much detail is intolerable. Tolstoy seems sometimes to lose the sense of perspective. If it is in the painting of nature, he begins the description of a day with such minuteness that the reader expects a great event to make it memorable—a battle, a crime, a betrothal or marriage or death of a hero or heroine;—and when he finds that the appearance of that day is all there is of it, he feels himself fooled, and regrets that he broke the good general rule which is, to skip all scenery. So if it is a person, the words given to his characterization should be in proportion to the part he has to play.

In such places the author's fancy runs away with him. Also when he mounts a hobby; as, for instance, when he writes whole chapters on Free Masonry: chapters which no man except a Free Mason will dream of reading. The general result tends toward the overloading of the book with characters—the picture with elaborated accessories. Except the historic personages, and the heroes, heroines and villains of the chief plot, one confuses the characters together—hypocrites, buffoons, fools, statesmen, grannies, faithless wives, serfs;—one needs a "cast of the play" always in hand to identify them as their names appear, especially under the Russian system of multiplicity of titles and nicknames.

As to "perspective," it should be observed (when we criticise dialogues apparently superfluous and tiresome) that this is a translation—perhaps a double translation. Scenes of social life which in the original were doubtless droll, gay, scintillating with light and color, come to us shorn of grace and flavor—the fragments of a foreign feast. It is only solids which bear handling and transportation unharmed. Bones can survive mummification, while features perish. Austerlitz is as interesting in one language as another: the fun of a Russian soirée becomes a bore in an English translation.

"War and Peace," here concluded, consists of three two-volume novels—some 2,000 duodecimo pages altogether—and is a work few men or women can willingly lay down after they have fairly begun to read. No one who loves either romance or history can afford to pass it by. It is the turning of a splendid two-sided tapestry, and the studying of its picture with action and colors reversed. Consciously, it is a fearful arraignment of Napoleonism. Unconsciously, it is a more terrible

arraignment of all despotism; especially military despotism.

These Russian novels mark an era in literature. The romantic and the realistic are engaged in a life-and-death struggle. It is their Waterloo, and lo, in the eastern horizon appears a Blücher, with a force which must decide the battle in favor of realism. The Old Guard hurls itself on the foe—it is taken in flank and must perish if it cannot surrender. It seems that for the present literary generation the victory is won and the war virtually over. Photographic exactitude in scene-painting—phonographic literalness in dialogue—telegraphic realism in narration—these are the new canons for the art of fiction. Whether this is a novelty or only a restoration, it were bootless to inquire. Kismet—it is fate. Perhaps the height of art is shown by a return to nature. Certainly some of Tolstoy's "local color" (as he portrays the Patriarchs and bondsmen of wild Russia,) is *naïf* enough to remind the reader of the simplicity of the oldest of narratives: "And Abraham sat in his tent-door in the heat of the day."

Such books as Tolstoy's make the careful observer suspect that unless English fiction can shake off some of the iron trammels that bind it, it must yield all hope of maintaining its long-held supremacy.

JOSEPH KIRKLAND.

HISTORY OF EDUCATION.*

The materials for a history of education, or rather for a history of schools and school-masters, are abundant and very accessible. Prof. Painter has found his facts where anyone within reach of a reasonably good library, or who possesses an ordinary cyclopedia, can easily find them. A running view of the pages and chapter-heads conveys the impression of a gazetteer rather than a history; and, indeed, it requires some reflection at any stage of the perusal to throw off this impression.

There is, however, throughout the work a thread of continuity, and a recognition of the law of evolution which runs through the development of educational ideas along the current of human events. The scope, methods, and aims of educational systems are seen to have grown out of the underlying philosophy of life prevalent in each succeeding age and in every nation. Especially does the student of educational progress find that the religion of a people has usually, perhaps invariably, been the inspiring motive and guide in all matters pertaining to the training of youth. And it is further true, that only where the

*A HISTORY OF EDUCATION. By F. V. N. Painter, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Roanoke College. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

value and measure of a man, as taught by the Saviour, has been recognized, has education been to a degree popular and universal.

The necessity of education for the ruling classes has always and everywhere been understood, and nowhere more clearly than in Oriental nations, where class barriers are most impassable. Christianity first enlarged the sphere of the schoolmaster in Europe, by opening to all grades and social conditions the possibility of church preferment. It is only within the present century, however, or since the French Revolution, that the universal brotherhood and general equality of man has become a controlling doctrine in human affairs. It is this phase of educational evolution that will most engage the thoughtful reader's attention as he follows our author in the development of his theme. Slowly the world has come to the belief that children are to be educated, not merely that they may play the part of machines, or, rather, of parts of machines, in the great social factory, but that each one has a possible development in and for himself, without reference to others; and that it is the duty of each generation to supply for its successor the requisite conditions for this development. This mature thought of the world has had its influence, of course, upon all educational systems wherever it has prevailed. It has modified the popular notion as to what knowledge is of most worth. The modern ideas in regard to elective courses have come out of a growing reverence for the individual. The schoolmaster, with his too conservative instincts, is no longer at liberty to ignore differing tastes, abilities, and impulses. College and even high school curricula have lost much of their Mede and Persian unchangeableness, and it is admitted that the learner may even early in life make a reasonably wise choice as to how he shall develop his mind. In the good old days, the subjects taught in the best equipped universities were few in number and narrow in scope. Now they cover the whole field of useful knowledge; and that field is enlarging constantly as the years go by.

To so arrange the salient features of the educational development of the race as to bring out the law of growth, and to reveal the causes and effects in their relations and all the complex changes which have slowly led up to current ideas in regard to education, requires the true historical instinct. This the author of the *History of Education* has done most successfully.

The general value of the *Education* series of which this volume forms Part II. is sufficiently guaranteed by the fact that it is edited by William T. Harris, who introduces this volume with a very discriminating and suggestive preface.

J. B. ROBERTS.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN RUSKIN.*

The latest news of John Ruskin states that he is in such serious ill health as to excite the solicitude of his friends. The intelligence quickens the sense of gratitude with which we receive his last written words, which, under the title of "*Præterita*," record the annals of his life during its first two decades. The author has found a pleasure unalloyed, and unwonted in his later years, in recalling the scenes of his childhood and youth; and the effect is agreeably apparent. It puts him in the happiest and gentlest humor, keeping ever uppermost his loveliest traits. It leads him to write, as he says, fondly, garrulously, and at his ease, speaking of what it gives him joy to remember and of what he thinks may be useful to others. When Ruskin is at his best, one need not try to say how fascinating and inspiring he is.

In busying himself with his autobiography, Mr. Ruskin is not hampered with considerations of chronology. He notes events as they occur to him, with small deference to order and succession. This irregularity is but another grace adorning the narrative. The privilege is so precious of viewing the inner experience of a beloved author, uncovered by himself with the *naïveté* of a child, that any waywardness or eccentricity in the proceeding forms a part of its charm. There are repetitions in the story, but none too many. Ruskin never tells a story twice in the same language, and there is always a new and wonderful word-painting when he puts the particles of speech together to convey a favorite idea.

Some passing glimpses of his early life, of his parents and his home, Ruskin has given us in "*Fors Clarigera*," but here he pauses for a particular account of them. His father and mother were cousins, the mother being the elder by four years. She was of humble origin, the daughter of "the early-widowed landlady of the King's Head Inn and Tavern" at Croydon. At twenty, being "a consummate housekeeper, she was called to the charge of the home of an uncle living in Scotland. "She must then," says Ruskin, "have been rapidly growing into a tall, handsome, and very finely-made girl, with a beautiful mild firmness of expression." His father was at this time "a dark-eyed, brilliantly-active, and sensitive youth of sixteen." Pleasant cousinly relations were maintained by the young couple, until the youth, at two or three and twenty, went to London to begin his career in business. "By that time he had made up his mind that Margaret, though not the least an ideal heroine to him, was quite the best sort of person he could have for a wife, the rather as

* *PRÆTERITA*. Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts perhaps Worthy of Memory in My Past Life. By John Ruskin, LL.D. Volume I. New York: John Wiley & Sons.

they were so well used to each other; and in a quiet, but enough resolute way, asked her if she were of the same mind, and would wait until he had an independence to offer her." Margaret was more deeply in love than her suitor, and joyfully acceded to his proposition. "On these terms," we are told, "the engagement lasted nine years; at the end of which time, my grandfather's debts having been all paid, and my father established in a business gradually increasing, and liable to no grave contingency, the now not very young couple were married in Perth one evening after supper, the servants of the house having no suspicion of the event until John and Margaret drove away together next morning to Edinburgh."

The home which the twain founded in London was phenomenally peaceful and well-conducted, and they themselves seem to have been perfectly mated. Ruskin makes the remarkable statement that he never once heard his father's or mother's voice raised in any question with each other; that he never saw an angry or even slightly hurt or offended glance in the eyes of either; he never heard a servant scolded, nor saw a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter, nor anything whatever either done in a hurry or undone in due time. His parents "lived with strict economy, kept only female servants, used only tallow candles in plated candlesticks, were content with the leasehold territory of their front and back gardens,—scarce an acre altogether,—and kept neither horse nor carriage."

When their only child was about four years old, they removed to a modest residence on Herne Hill, a rustic situation near Cornhill. The business of Mr. Ruskin was that of a vintner, which he managed with a probity and skill that ensured him ultimately a fortune. The inflexible order which prevailed in the Ruskin household was maintained in the government of the son.

"My mother's general principles of first treatment were, to guard me with steady watchfulness from all avoidable pain or danger; and, for the rest, to let me amuse myself as I liked, provided I was neither fretful nor troublesome. But the law was, that I should find my own amusement. No toys of any kind were at first allowed. . . . Nor did I painfully wish, what I was never permitted for an instant to hope, or even imagine, the possession of such things as one saw in toy-shops. I had a bunch of keys to play with as long as I was capable only of pleasure in what glittered and jingled; as I grew older I had a cart, and a ball; and when I was five or six years old, two boxes of well-cut wooden bricks. With these modest, and as I still think, entirely sufficient possessions, and being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid, or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion."

The child's diet was regulated with such strictness that the gifts from his mother, one forenoon, of three raisins out of the store cabinet, and at another time of the remnant of his father's custard, marked fixed points of time in his young life. He was never suffered to go near the water, lest accident should befall him; and for the same reason the pleasures and benefits of pony-riding were denied. His mother had devoted him before his birth to the Lord,—which meant that he was to become a clergyman, and, as both parents fondly hoped, in due process of promotion, a bishop. Accordingly, he was exercised in the Scriptures from infancy. Daily, at half-past nine, the lessons began, the mother reading alternating verses with him and seeing that he delivered with proper intonation every syllable falling from his lips.

"In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse; hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again at Genesis the next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation,—if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience,—if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being thus outspoken."

"At the end of the reading, which included two or three chapters, a few verses were learned by heart, until in time the boy had memorized considerable portions of the Bible, and the whole body of the old Scottish paraphrases. As he grew older, Latin, arithmetic and geography were added to his morning studies. By noon his tasks were usually over, and the rest of the day he was left to himself. His father returned from business punctually in season for the dinner at half-past four, but until grown quite a lad John was not allowed to be present even at dessert. At six o'clock tea he was admitted to the drawing-room and ate his bread-and-butter in the chimney corner, with a writing-table before him which held his plate and books. After tea he sat listening while his father read aloud from Shakespeare, Scott, or Don Quixote, or he pored over his own books if he preferred. This daily routine was sustained almost without interruption. There was seldom company at Herne Hill. Mrs. Ruskin was averse to entertaining strangers, and the family were entirely happy "in the steady occupations, the beloved samenesses, and the sacred customs of home."

In mere infancy, the child gave evidences of his later genius. He strove after expression in rhythmic language, his first essays being six poems dated January 1826. Throughout his childhood he persisted in the metrical form of composition, planning and partially completing poetical works of an ambitious nature, on which his father rested proud anticipations. He early amused himself also in drawing, for

which he had a rare but restricted talent. He drew exquisitely with the pen point; and he says: "There was the making of a fine landscape, or figure outline, engraver in me. . . . But I never saw any boy's work in my life showing so little original faculty or grasp by memory." His drawing was of such marked excellence that, arriving at sixteen, he was afforded the advantage of lessons in water-color by Copley Fielding. He had received on his thirteenth birthday, from Mr. Telford, the gift of Roger's "Italy," with Turner's illustrations. To this book, he states, may probably be attributed the direction of his life's energies. "The essential point to be noted, and accounted for, was that I could understand Turner's work when I saw it;—not by what chance or in what year it was first seen. Poor Mr. Telford, nevertheless, was always held by papa and mama primarily responsible for my Turner insanities."

The quiet tenor of the domestic life of the Ruskins was varied every summer by a journey in England or on the continent, lasting two or three months. It was made in the old-time leisurely and luxurious fashion, in a travelling chariot supplied with post-horses. Forty or fifty miles was the usual limit of the day's journey, easily accomplished before the four o'clock dinner. After dinner there remained time for the inspection of any objects of interest in the vicinity where they stopped. In this favorable manner, young Ruskin became familiar with the attractive portions of his own island and of France, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland. In depicting the joy of his first impressions of the mountains and the cathedrals during these early excursions, Ruskin breaks often into strains of impassioned eloquence. Of his first view of the Alps he writes:

"There was no thought in any of us for a moment of their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp in the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death. It is not possible to imagine, in any time of the world, a more blessed entrance into life, for a child of my temperament. . . . Thus, in perfect health of life and fire of heart, not wanting to be anything but the boy I was, not wanting to have anything more than I had; knowing of sorrow only just so much as to make life serious to me, not enough to slacken in the least its sinews; and with so much of science mixed with feeling as to make the sight of the Alps not only the revelation of the beauty of the earth, but the opening of the first page of its volume,—I went down that evening from the garden-terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has help in it or peace."

Ruskin was initiated in Greek by the Rev. Dr. Andrew, who preached in the chapel attended by the family. His other lessons remained under the charge of his mother, until, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, he was sent as a day scholar to a small private school kept by the Rev. Thomas Dale near Herne Hill. Of his position here among his comrades he says:

"Finding me in all respects what boys could only look upon as an innocent, they treated me as I suppose they would have treated a girl; they neither thrashed nor chaffed me,—finding from the first that chaff had no effect on me. Generally I did not understand it, nor in the least mind it if I did, the fountain of pure conceit in my own heart sustaining me serenely against all deprecation, whether by master or companion. I was fairly intelligent of books, had a good quick and holding memory, learned whatever I was bid as fast as I could, and as well; and since all the other boys learned always as little as they could, though I was far in retard of them in real knowledge, I almost always knew the day's lesson best."

As may be supposed, Ruskin had no mind for mathematics. He "went easy through the three first books of Euclid, and got as far as quadratics in Algebra. But there I stopped," he says, "virtually, for ever. The moment I got into sums of series, or symbols expressing the relations instead of the real magnitude of things,—partly in want of faculty, partly in an already well-developed and healthy hatred of things vainly bothering and intangible,—I jibbed—or stood stanned."

When just turned eighteen, Ruskin entered Christ Church, Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner. His prospects, as he looked forward on the first night passed in his college-room, were fair indeed.

"There was not much fear of my gambling, for I had never touched a card, and looked upon dice as people now do on dynamite. No fear of my being tempted by the strange woman, for was not I in love? and besides, never allowed to be out after half-past nine. No fear of my running in debt, for there were no Turners to be had in Oxford, and I cared for nothing else in the world of material possession. No fear of breaking my neck out hunting, for I couldn't have ridden a hack down High street; and no fear of ruining myself at a race, for I never had been but at one race in my life, and had not the least wish to win anybody else's money. I expected some ridicule, indeed, for these my simple ways, but was safe against ridicule in my conceit: the only thing I doubted myself in, and very rightly, was the power of applying for three years to work in which I took not the slightest interest. I resolved, however, to do my parents and myself as much credit as I could, said my prayers very seriously, and went to bed in good hope."

In reviewing the results of his college study, Ruskin adds: "I believe that I did harder and better work in my college reading than I can at all remember." He made thorough attainments in Greek, but his Latin writing he

thinks "the worst in the university, as I never by any chance knew a first from a second future, or, even to the end of my Oxford career, could get into my head where the Pelasgi lived, or where the Heraclidæ returned from."

Mrs. Ruskin, unintermitting in her watchful care of her son, accompanied him to Oxford, that she might be at hand in case of accident or illness. Every evening he took tea with her at seven, remaining until Tom, the great bell in Christ Church tower, "rang in."

"Through all three years of residence, during term time, she had lodging in the High street, . . . and my father lived alone all through the week at Herne Hill, parting with wife and son at once for the son's sake. On the Saturday he came down to us, and I went with him and my mother, in the old domestic way, to St. Peter's, for the Sunday morning service; otherwise, they never appeared with me in public, lest my companions should laugh at me, or any one else ask malicious questions concerning vintner papa and his old-fashioned wife."

A few months after Ruskin's entrance into college, he wrote the series of articles published in Loudon's "Architectural Magazine," upon "The Poetry of Architecture," and signed *Kataphusin*. He speaks deprecatingly of the presumptuous spirit out of which these essays issued, yet candidly remarks:

"As it is, these youthful essays, though deformed by assumption and shallow in contents, are curiously right up to the points they reach; and already distinguished above most of the literature of the time, for the skill of language which the public felt at once to be a pleasant gift in me."

A year before, he had written the first chapter of "Modern Painters." He had not then seen a Turner drawing, and until his seventeenth year had received but confused impressions from the Turner pictures in the Academy. His admiration for the great painter had come solely from the illustrations in Roger's "Italy," which he had studied and copied with patient, painstaking love. In 1836 there appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" an article roughly and severely condemnatory of these paintings recently exhibited by Turner.

"The review raised me to the height of 'black anger' in which I have remained pretty nearly ever since; and having by that time some confidence in my power of words, and—not merely judgment, but sincere *experience*—of the charm of Turner's work, I wrote an answer to Blackwood, of which I wish I could now find any fragment. But my father thought it right to ask Turner's leave for its publication; it was copied in my best hand, and sent to Queen Anne street, and the old man returned kindly answer."

This is the only mention in the autobiography of any personal communication between Turner and Ruskin, and probably dates the beginning of their acquaintance.

Ruskin places a modest estimate upon his natural abilities, claiming no special power or capacity, "except that patience in looking, and

precision in feeling, which afterwards, with due industry, formed my analytic power. In all essential qualities of genius, except these, I was deficient; my memory being only of average power. I have literally never known a child so incapable of acting a part, or telling a tale. On the other hand, I have never known one whose thirst for visible fact was at once so eager and so methodic."

The absolute quiet of his life, and his mother's practice of throwing him upon himself for amusement, resulted in his acquiring a habit of regarding the few things which came under his notice with fixed and prolonged attention. He had a passionate love for the water, and whenever he could get to a beach "spent four or five hours every day in simply staring and wondering at the sea,—an occupation which never failed me till I was forty." What he calls the partly dull or even idiotic way he had "of staring at the same things all day long, carried itself out in reading, so that I could read the same things all the year round. . . . This inconceivably passive—or rather impassive—contentment in doing, or reading, the same thing over and over again, I perceive to have been a great condition in my future power of getting thoroughly at the bottom of things."

Ruskin alludes in a passage quoted, connected with his college days, to the fact of his being in love. In his eighteenth year it happened that the four daughters of his father's Spanish partner, Mr. Domecq, were domiciled for a few weeks at Herne Hill. It was the first time the youth had been directly exposed to the fascination of maidenly charms, and the effect is piquantly declared.

"How my parents could allow their young novice to be cast into the fiery furnace of the outer world in this helpless manner the reader may wonder, and only the Fates know; but there was this excuse for them, that they had never seen me the least interested or anxious about girls—never caring to stay in the promenades at Cheltenham or Bath, or on the parade at Dover; on the contrary, growling and mewling if I was ever kept there, and off to the sea or the fields the moment I got leave."

Virtually convent-bred more closely than the maids themselves, without a single sisterly or cousinly affection for refuge or lightning-rod, and having no athletic skill or pleasure to check my dreaming, I was thrown, bound hand and foot, in my unaccustomed simplicity, into the fiery furnace, or fiery cross, of these four girls,—who of course reduced me to a mere heap of white ashes in four days. Four days, at the most, it took to reduce me to ashes, but the *Mercredi des cendres* lasted four years."

The oldest of the young girls, Adele Clotilde, "a graceful oval-faced blonde of fifteen," captured the heart of Ruskin, and like a ruthless conqueror laughed at his passion. She would have married him dutifully, however, had their parents desired it, but her having been bred a Catholic was an insuper-

able obstacle to their union. It does not appear that the youth languished under his hopeless affection, yet it preserved him from any similar attack while in the callow period.

These reminiscences—the first volume of which is alone completed—carry the author into his nineteenth year. "Looking back," he writes, "from 1886 to that brook shore of 1837, whence I could see the whole of my youth, I find myself in nothing whatsoever changed. Some of me is dead, more of me stronger. I have learned a few things, forgotten many; in the total of me, I am but the same youth, disappointed and rheumatic."

Not more remarkable has been Ruskin's literary career than the formative period of his life. The account of it is strange and instructive. How much of the brilliant talent and the strong self-poised character which have made him a power for good in the world, is to be referred to the singular manner of his education? How far would it be wise to adopt the same methods in the training of other young children? These are questions which make the history of Ruskin's boy-life an interesting study. Its sincere spirit and incomparable diction elevate the work to the standard of Ruskin's noblest writings.

SARA A. HUBBARD.

A BRACE OF BIBLIOPHILES.*

Intelligent and cultivated people have much quiet amusement at the expense of the devoted book-collector; and yet the book-collector not only continues to exist, but he multiplies and prospers. For one person who took an interest in book-collecting twenty years ago, there are twenty such persons now; and every one of these will find the most intense interest in Mr. Henry Stevens's "Recollections of Mr. James Lenox." Indeed, the intelligent and cultivated people who look kindly and good-naturedly on the foibles of their book-collecting friends, are in great danger if they trifle with temptation, and look into the pages of this little volume. They will be very likely to keep on until they have read every word of it, and they may be forced to admit that, after all, there is something to be said in favor of book-collecting. Certainly, while the book is written with the most charming frankness, the favorite pursuit which brought Mr. Lenox and Mr. Stevens into such close relations is presented with much attractiveness. The humorous side of the pursuit shows out here and there, and the foibles of the collectors are revealed very clearly; but the intense interest of the chase and the devotion and enthusiasm of the

huntmen very soon get hold of the sympathy of the reader.

Both Mr. Lenox and his biographer were strong and positive characters. One scarcely knows in which he is most interested—the canny, close-mouthed, close-fisted, suspicious Scotch-American, or the shrewd, industrious, conceited Vermont-Yankee-Englishman. They were an efficient pair, a well-matched team of bottom and endurance; and it is not surprising that they ran down many wonderful treasures which are now stored away in the Lenox Library in New York. We say "stored away," and those perhaps are the only proper words to use; for everyone knows how general is the complaint of the inaccessibility of the books in that library. The very front of the building, as it shows itself from Central Park, massive and stately as it is, looks repellant and forbidding. It signals no invitation to the student and the scholar; and so, when we find in this book that Mr. Stevens affirms the truth of the story that Mr. Lenox, after he had secured the possession of many rare books and manuscripts pertaining to early Spanish exploration and conquest in America, refused to Mr. Prescott permission to see and examine them, we may feel indignant, but we can scarcely be surprised. If the Lenox Library is repellant and secretive, we should judge by this book that it is the legitimate child of the rather crusty old bachelor Lenox.

When summing up the man, Mr. Stevens gives to his hero many attractive virtues; but it is well that he stated in so many words that he possessed them, for one never would guess it from the incidents related in the book. He says:

"A cleaner, purer, more finished life it is hardly possible to conceive. James Lenox died at the age of eighty, the bibliographer, the collector, the founder of one of the most valuable public libraries in the New World, the philanthropist, the builder of churches, the establisher of a large public hospital, the giver to New York of a Home for Aged Women, the dispenser of untold silent charity, and the benefactor of his native city and his honored country."

Let us believe that the founder of the great library was all this, and thank Mr. Stevens for stating it plainly: we never would have inferred it from anything in the book. Mr. Stevens shows us very clearly the gradual development of Mr. Lenox as a book-collector, and the naïve innocence of some of the early incidents in his career is amusing.

"For instance, in early times he ordered from a proof sheet of a Berlin catalogue a tract in German, priced at 115 francs. On receiving it with the price corrected to 15 francs, he returned it as 'not wanted,' because he had ordered it under the impression that it was a 'rare book,' as the former price indicated. Again, when his tastes had grown into the mysteries of *uncut* leaves, he returned a

* RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. JAMES LENOX OF NEW YORK, and the Formation of his Library. By the late Henry Stevens of Vermont. London: Henry Stevens & Son.

very rare early New England tract, expensively bound, because it did not answer the description of 'uncut' in the invoice, for the leaves 'had manifestly been cut open and read.' When it was explained to him that in England the term 'uncut' signified only that the edges were not trimmed, he shelved the rarity with the remark that he 'learned something every day.'

We fear Mr. Stevens has defrauded us if, as he intimates, he had incidents still more amusing!

It is quite evident that Mr. Stevens had to endure much that was unreasonable and trying in his intercourse with his wealthy but whimsical patron.

"I had announced to him, among other bibliographical gossip, that a fine and perfect copy of the forty-two line Latin Bible of 1450-1455, usually but unjustly called the 'Mazarine' Bible, was soon coming on for sale by auction at Sotheby's; and, though a copy had been sold as high as £190, suggested that he should go in for it at that or even a higher price if necessary. I gave a careful collation and description of the two volumes, and stated that though both Mr. Putnam and I would be absent in Paris at the time of the sale, his order would be attended to by the house of Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, to whom he was requested to address his orders and instructions. His order came during our absence, with a simple request to the manager to buy the Bible for him, without any particular instruction or limit as to price. Mr. Davidson the manager was thus unexpectedly thrown on his 'discretion,' and he, it seemed to me afterwards, wisely decided to exercise that virtue by buying the book against all comers, and accordingly he attended the sale personally and ran the book until it was knocked down to Messrs. Wiley and Putnam at £500, at that time pronounced to be a 'mad price,' though other copies have since been sold by auction at from £1,600 to near £4,000.

"This 'mad price' was at once heralded as such in the London papers, and the book was stated to have been bought by a well-known American collector against Sir Thomas Phillips, under exciting circumstances. Sir Thomas had arranged with Messrs. Payne and Foss, after his peculiar manner, to buy the Bible for him at an agreed limit of £300. But Sir Thomas was so anxious about the result that he committed the indiscretion of going to the sale rooms himself to witness the competition. When the biddings between Mr. Davidson and Mr. Foss had exceeded £300, Sir Thomas, when he could not induce Mr. Foss to go on, took up the competition himself, and ran his opponent up to £495, when Mr. Foss arrested his mad career, and the hammer fell at Mr. Davidson's final bid of £500 for Messrs. Wiley and Putnam.

"The sale was a bibliographical event, and was greatly talked and written about both in London and New York, inasmuch as Mr. Lenox, whose name as that of the unlucky purchaser had been freely used, declined to clear the book from the New York Custom House, and pay for it. The cost, including the commission, expenses and the customs duty, amounting to about \$3,000, was deemed by him an amount of indiscretion for which he could not be responsible. However, after some reflection and a good deal of correspond-

ence, he took home the book, and soon learned to cherish it as a bargain and the chief ornament of his library."

Among the many peculiarities of Mr. Lenox an amusing one is revealed in this passage:

"Mr. Lenox used often to pay an unprecedentedly high price for a prime rarity, with the remark that he 'could at present find the five pound notes more easily than such books, but you must not tell anybody how much I have paid.' A few years later, when I quoted the same books at two to four times the prices paid, he willingly removed the injunction of secrecy."

So sedulously has the contents of the Lenox Library been kept from the public, that this book will give to many readers their first knowledge of the richness of its many treasures. Its most valuable department, no doubt, is that which contains the wonderful collection pertaining to the "Age of Discovery" in America; but all through the book are hints of other collections like the following:

"Besides these, he took very early to his favourite author John Bunyan, and not only edited an edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' but undertook to collect all editions and translations of it. In this he was particularly successful, having eventually acquired nearly every one of the early English editions of parts I., II., and III., as numbered from the 1st to the 32d. No collection known can be compared with his, that of the late Mr. Offor being in no way equal to it. Indeed for nearly twenty years I carried in my pocket lists of the editions of the P. P. he had, as well as those known ones he wanted, and in that way catered earnestly, allowing nothing to slip through my fingers that it was possible to secure for him. In reading catalogues and reports from all parts of the world, one eye at least was always kept peeled for his desiderata. In the same manner he undertook to bring into his net all the editions of Milton, and succeeded in acquiring it is believed nearly all the known editions, as well as many not previously recognized, of the early separate pieces in both prose and verse of the author of 'Areopagitica' and 'Paradise Lost.' Indeed his collection of Miltons excels that of the British Museum and that of the Bodleian put together, rich as those libraries are in Miltons."

Boston liberality and patriotism do not appear to the best advantage in the following passage:

"In 1848 I bought Washington's library of about 3,000 volumes, for \$3,000, to secure about 300 volumes with the autograph of the 'Father of his country' on the title-pages, some rarities for Mr. Lenox, and many tracts and miscellaneous American books for the British Museum. Mr. Lenox declined the books with autographs, and there being a great hue and cry raised in Boston against my sending them out of the country, I sold the collection to a parcel of Bostonians for \$5,000, but after passing that old Boston hat around for two or three months for \$50 subscriptions, only \$3,250 could be raised, and therefore, as I had used a few hundred dollars of the money advanced to me by the promoters and was in a tight place, I was compelled to subscribe the rest myself to make up the amount of purchase."

How quickly could four times \$5,000 be raised in Chicago to-day to purchase these same books!

Boston and Boston men do not seem to be favorites with Mr. Stevens. He gives at considerable length an interesting account of his purchase in London of the fine lot of Nineveh Marbles which now rest in the rooms of the New York Historical Society, of his sending them to Boston, of their enthusiastic reception by the learned men and the "Beacon Streeters," of the renewed efforts to pass round "that old Boston hat," of its return empty, and of their final transfer to the New York Historical Society through the liberality of Mr. Lenox.

There is in the Lenox Library one of the greatest curiosities in the way of an early geographical globe known to exist. Here is the singular history of its acquisition:

"In 1870, while residing at the 'Clarendon' in New York, I dined one evening with Mr. R. M. Hunt, the architect of the Lenox Library, a son of my father's old friend Jonathan Hunt, who represented the State of Vermont in Congress from 1827 to 1832. While talking on library conveniences and plans, I chanced to notice a small copper globe, a child's plaything, rolling about the floor. On inquiry, I was told that he picked it up in some town in France for a song, and now, as it opened at the equator and was hollow, the children had appropriated it for their amusement. I saw at once by its outlines that it was probably older than any other globe known, except Martin Behaim's at Nurnberg, and perhaps the Leon globe, and told Mr. Hunt my opinion of its geography, requesting him to take great care of it, for it would some day make a noise in the geographical world. Subsequently I borrowed it for two or three months, studied it, took it to Washington, exhibited it to Dr. Hilgard and others at the Coast Survey Office, and employed one of the draughtsmen there to project it in a two hemisphere map, with a diameter of the original, about five and a half inches, at a cost to me of \$20. On returning to New York I delivered it into the hands of Mr. Hunt, telling him that it was unquestionably as early as 1510 and perhaps 1505, and was in historical and geographical interest second to hardly any other globe, small as it was; and concluded by recommending him, when he and his children had done playing with it, to present it to the Lenox Library, the plans of which he was then engaged upon. I also told Mr. Lenox of its value, and recommended him to keep his eye upon it, and secure it if possible for preservation in his library. My pains and powder were not thrown away. Not long after Mr. Hunt presented it to the library, and from that time it has been known and styled as the 'Hunt-Lenox Globe.' On my return to London I showed my drawing of it to my friend Mr. C. H. Coote, of the map department of the British Museum, and lent it to him for the reduced *fac-simile* in his article on GLOBES in the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Thus the 'Hunt-Lenox Globe' won its geographical niche in literature as well as in 'Narrative History.'"

The following passage, telling of Mr. Lenox's purchase of one of Turner's pictures, shows at the same time the ungentle crustiness of the great artist and the ungracious bluntness of his American patron.

"This brings to mind a characteristic anecdote, which I often heard Mr. C. R. Leslie, the Royal Academician, relate of his two friends, Mr. Lenox and Mr. Turner, his brother Academician. Mr. Leslie, about 1847 I think, received a letter covering a sight draft on Barings, requesting him to be so good as to purchase of his friend Mr. Turner the best picture by him he could get for the money, giving directions for the shipment to New York. With draft in pocket, Mr. Leslie called on the distinguished artist, and told him frankly that he had called to purchase one of his pictures for an American friend. 'I have no picture to sell to your American friend,' was the grumpy reply. 'But surely,' answered Mr. Leslie, who understood the humour of the artist, 'out of so many one might very well be spared for New York.' 'No, my pictures are not adapted to American taste or American appreciation of Art. You had better apply to Mr. Soandso, if you require a picture suitable for the gallery of an American,' and then commented severely on America and Americans, their refinement, their money-grubbings, and their knowledge of Art.

A few rather indignant words from Mr. Leslie, who knew Americans much better than Mr. Turner, and knew also the latter's avarice and his desire to sell his pictures, ended with:

"You are too suspicious; you need run no risk from him or me. I have nothing more to say or do. Here is Mr. Lenox's letter and draft for £800 which you may encash at Barings to-day. Pray select such a picture as will in your judgment do yourself the most credit in the Art-benighted country you decry."

"This speech, or the letter, or the draft, fetched up the artist, and he promptly confessed that some good might come even out of New York; so he at once turned round a small picture standing on the floor against the wall and said, 'There, let Mr. Lenox have that, one of my favorites; he is a gentleman, and I retract: will that suit you, Mr. Leslie?' 'I am willing to take no responsibility, Mr. Turner, in the selection; if the painting satisfies you, and you recommend it at that price, I will endorse the draft to you and take the picture away with me.' And that was the way Mr. Lenox won his first 'Turner.'

"But this is not the end of the story. The painting soon after arrived in New York, was cleared from the Custom House and delivered in Fifth Avenue only a few minutes before the closing of the fortnightly mail for England. Mr. Lenox therefore had time only to hastily acknowledge its receipt safe and in good condition. He had, he wrote, caught only a glance at the picture, but he could not help adding that that glance disappointed him. On receiving this curt and scarcely courteous letter, Mr. Leslie said he resolved thenceforward to abstain from executing responsible commissions for friends. By the following mail two weeks later came a second letter from Mr. Lenox, the substance of which was, 'Burn my last letter, I have now looked into my "Turner" and it is all that I could desire. Accept best thanks.' In telling the story

Mr. Leslie used sometimes parenthetically and facetiously to remark, 'I suppose Mr. Lenox, like some others who view "Turners" for the first time, somehow got the picture bottom side up.'

Mr. Lenox had long wished to possess a copy of "The Bay Psalm Book," a metrical version of the Psalms, printed by Stephen Daye, at Cambridge, in 1640, the first book printed in what is now the United States. He intimated a willingness to pay as high as one hundred guineas for a copy, the one in the Bodleian Library being probably the only perfect one then known to exist. For ten years Mr. Stevens's search had been fruitless.

"Under these circumstances, therefore, only an experienced collector can judge of my surprise and inward satisfaction, when on the 12th January 1855, at Sotheby's, at one of the sales of Mr. Pickering's stock, after untying parcel after parcel to see what I might chance to see, and keeping ahead of the auctioneer, Mr. Wilkinson, on resolving to prospect in one parcel more before he overtook me, my eye rested for an instant only on the long lost Benjamin, clean and unspotted. I instantly closed the parcel, (which was described in the catalogue as Lot '531 Psalmes other Editions, 1630 to 1675 black letter, a parcel,') and tightened the string, just as Alfred came to lay it on the table. A cold-blooded coolness seized me, and advancing towards the table behind Mr. Lilly I quietly bid in a perfectly neutral tone 'six-pence,' and so the bids went on increasing by sixpences until half-a-crown was reached and Mr. Lilly had loosened the string. Taking up this very volume he turned to me and remarked that 'This looks a rare edition, Mr. Stevens, don't you think so? I do not remember having seen it before,' and raised the bid to five shillings. I replied that I had little doubt of its rarity, though comparatively a late edition of the Psalms, and at the same time gave Mr. Wilkinson a sixpenny nod. Thenceforward a spirited competition arose between Mr. Lilly and myself, until finally the lot was knocked down to Stevens for nineteen shillings! I then called out, with perhaps more energy than discretion, 'delivered.' On pocketing this volume, leaving the other seven to take the usual course, Mr. Lilly and others inquired with some curiosity, 'What rarity have you got now?' 'Oh nothing,' said I, 'but the first English book printed in America.' There was a pause in the sale, while all had a good look at the little stranger. Some said jocularly, 'there has evidently been a mistake, put up the lot again.' Mr. Stevens, with the book again safely in his pocket, said, 'Nay, if Mr. Pickering, whose cost mark of y (3s) did not recognize the prize he had won, certainly the cataloguer might be excused for throwing it away into the hands of the right person to rescue, appreciate and preserve it. I am now fully rewarded for my long and silent hunt of seven years.'

It is worth noting that another copy occurred for sale at the dispersing of Mr. George Brinley's celebrated library in 1878; and that it was bought by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, for \$1,200.

One of the extremely interesting and excessively rare books on early American history is, as all collectors know, Captain John

Smith's History of Virginia, 1624. Mr. Lenox was very anxious to possess a large paper copy of this book, and had much correspondence about finding one with Mr. Stevens as early as 1852. None turned up, however, until 1873, and then Mr. Lenox was stoutly affirming that he had got through buying books. In March of that year Mr. Stevens wrote Mr. Lenox:

"One should never despair. All rare books turn up sooner or later in London. Some twenty-five years ago you ordered or enquired about a large paper copy of Smith's Virginia. A few days ago the copy turned up in the library of a clergyman in Yorkshire, lately deceased, the Rev. Mr. Lowe, brother of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is not only large paper, but is in the original binding in dark green morocco, very richly tooled all over, and in excellent preservation. It is the *Dedication* copy, and no doubt belonged to the Duchess of Richmond and Lenox. The Richmond and Lenox arms, very large and elaborate, with her quarterings, are on the side. The binding alone is, I think, the finest I ever saw of Charles I.'s time, and would readily bring £100 without the book."

Stevens went on to tell Mr. Lenox that he was sending the book to America, and that it was first offered to him at 250 guineas. At the same time, Stevens wrote to Mr. Brinley, another famous collector, as follows:

"The greatest bibliographical rarity that ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean I shall send to Mr. Lenox next week, but as he is only a millionaire and has stopped buying, he may not keep it at my price. In that case I shall direct Baldwin & Co. to send it for your inspection. I trust your chances are small. I had the order from Mr. Lenox twenty years ago, and am only now able to execute it; but I am more than rewarded for waiting, though the price of the book has gone up, while money has gone down. The book is Smith's History of Virginia on large paper, in the finest possible condition, bound at the time 1624, in rich morocco tooled all over, with the arms of Charles on one cover and those of the Duchess of Richmond and Lenox on the other. In short, it is the *Dedication* copy to the Duchess, her own copy, in the most sumptuous binding, early English, I ever saw. Any book, no matter what, in such early English binding, would readily bring 100 guineas, but when that book is Smith's Virginia with all this story attached to it, and only five other large paper copies being known, and four of them in public libraries, what must I ask for this, the copy of all others—a show book forever, I think—but you must wait."

A day or two later he wrote to Mr. Brinley:

"Mr. Lenox writes me for the twenty-fifth time that he no longer buys books, and in his last letter has ordered nothing. So it is possible he may hold to this resolution until he has had time to pass the SMITH. If he does pass it, he is more of a — than I ever took him for. However, you come in for the reversion of it if he does."

Mr. Lenox resisted the temptation to buy the book at about \$1,275, and Mr. Brinley bought it; but only a year or two later at the sale of Mr. Brinley's books Mr. Lenox could no longer be virtuous but must needs buy the

coveted book at \$1,800. But 1884 a similar copy in the Hamilton Palace sale, wanting the large map of Virginia, brought nearly \$3,000.

These numerous and lengthy extracts, while interesting in themselves, will have given a pretty good insight into the book, and many hints as to the author. The book is most interesting, but marked all over with the peculiarities, and perhaps we should say the innocent vanities, of the man. The style shows a love of slang which is surprising in a man so long and so intimately connected with old and classic English literature; but not surprising, perhaps, in the lover of sensation, who could place upon the title page of his book, among supposed titles of distinction, "Black-Balled Athenæum Club of London; also Patriarch of Skull and Bones of Yale, as well as citizen of Noviomagus, et cætera"—leaving it to his readers to puzzle over what it may all mean. Henry Stevens of Vermont, as he was fond of calling himself, was a peculiar character. He was a Vermont boy, who had a natural and strong love of books, and a still stronger love of book-hunting. He went to London when he was twenty-six years old, and, with brief visits to this country, remained there until his death at a ripe age. He had been successful and had achieved a wide reputation among enthusiastic book-hunters. Indeed, he had probably been instrumental in bringing more rare and valuable bibliographical curiosities to this country than any man who has yet lived. In spite of his amusing vanities, he commanded the respect and affection of those who knew him well. Upon his death, in London, a handsomely printed memorial card was issued, bearing this quaint and touching inscription:

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF
HENRY STEVENS
LOVER OF BOOKS
BORN AT BARNET VERMONT 24 AUGUST 1819
THE VOLUME OF WHOSE EARTHLY LABOUR WAS CLOSED
IN LONDON 28 FEBRUARY 1886 IN THE
SIXTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE

'And another book was opened which is the book of Life.'

"The Recollections of Mr. James Lenox" is printed, as such a book should be, very beautifully and luxuriously. It is the work of the Chiswick Press.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

MR. BOYSEN'S volume upon Norway forms, as was to be expected, one of the most acceptable numbers of the series called "The Story of the Nations" (Putnam). The larger half of the book is occupied with the mythology of the Norsemen, and tales of the vikings and of the line of adventurous men whose deeds are related in the sagas preserved by Snorre Sturlasson. This is the kind of reading which young people, especially of the ruder sex, enjoy. It exhibits the child-life of a nation, and

therefore stirs deeply the youthful imagination. The early history of Norway is its proudest; for, as Mr. Boyesen says, a nation including only two millions of people can play but an obscure part in the drama of the world in an era when "powder and modern strategy have subordinated heroism to discipline and numbers." Mr. Boyesen has felt a justifiable pride in rehearsing the story of his native country, as no work embodying it in a satisfactory manner has heretofore appeared in the English language.—Another interesting number of the same series is "The Story of Germany," as told by S. Baring-Gould. The subject is one with which the author has previously dealt at length, in a work on the past and present of the great Teutonic nation; and he handles it with easy familiarity. In the present volume he discloses a peculiar aptitude as a historian for young readers. He writes as though talking to a group of children, whom he holds spell-bound by the magnetic influence of persuasive and picturesque delineation. He is accurate and coherent in statement, following with fidelity the current of events in the development of the nation; yet he chooses the facts for recital with such nice discrimination, and invests them with so much animation and life, that the tale never for an instant weakens in interest. The one fault to be found with the story is that it is not rounded out in all parts in a satisfactory manner. It is only the outline of the rise and progress of a nation which can be given in a book conforming to the plan prescribed for this series; yet Mr. Baring-Gould has sometimes left gaps in his narrative which we could wish he had bridged over. And he has given us too meagre an idea of the growth of the people, of the development of their industries, of their advance in education and in the successive phases of their civilization. But all that he has recorded is so charming, that this very lack in his work may prove a virtue by inciting the young student to the perusal of other and fuller accounts of the German nation, and finally by confirming him in a love for all historical reading. The illustrations scattered profusely through the volume are of such unusual merit as to deserve mention.

MR. THEODORE S. VAN DYKE, as we infer from his book on "Southern California" (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), is one of the multitude who have been driven to seek a home in the remote southwestern portion of our territory for the sake of its salubrious climate. He has adapted himself to the situation like a philosopher, looking about him in every direction to estimate the new conditions and circumstances with an appreciative and impartial eye. It was necessary to live much in the open air, and he has occupied himself in exploring the country, in noting its physical features, its native plants—trees, shrubs, and herbs,—its birds, beasts, insects, and fishes, the peculiarities of the seasons, and the work of the agriculturist, the husbandman, and the fruit-grower, with their failures and successes. The country in which Mr. Van Dyke located, bordering on Mexico, and including the counties of San Diego, San Bernardino, and Los Angeles, has been, until lately, out of the way of the ordinary traveller, and hence has remained comparatively unknown to all except its quiet inhabitants. As the fruit-bearing region of California, it is exciting lively attention, and likewise as the great sanitarium of the Pacific coast. Mr. Van Dyke describes it

with much minuteness and with evident honesty. He mentions its drawbacks along with its advantages, and although the latter appear finally to be largely in the majority, the conclusion comes unquestionably from a succession of fair statements. He declares that a livelihood is not to be earned from the soil in Southern California without hard and patient work, and that the shiftless and improvident will fail there as everywhere else. He also asserts that the consumptive will not be cured by the climate alone, or as a rule by a short trial of its remedial properties. His remarks on this, as upon other matters, are pointed and vigorous, and marked by eminent good-sense. The value of the chapters on the plant and animal life of Southern California would have been greatly enhanced had the author given the scientific names of the species mentioned. To a man of his energy and intelligence this would have been an easy task, and the omission is felt in a book of such painstaking and faithful character.

THE services rendered to their country by three leaders in the settlement of Eastern Tennessee, James Robertson, John Sevier, and Isaac Shelby, form a theme on which Edmund Kirke (James R. Gilmore) dilates with enthusiasm in a work named "The Rear Guard of the Revolution" (Appleton). These men were heroes of the type which the struggles of frontiersmen with the Indians and the British in the days of '76 not infrequently developed. They received the due reward for their bravery, patriotism, and humanity, in the love and trust of their friends and their comrades-in-arms, and in the record which is preserved in the annals of their State and of the nation for which they long and bravely fought. John Sevier and Isaac Shelby received each a sword from the commonwealth of North Carolina, in token of their valor at the battle of King's Mountain. They were foremost in all the skirmishes and serious engagements which the settlers of Watauga, now Elizabeth Town, were forced to wage with the murderous savages about them, and which they voluntarily undertook with the English troops who, in the darkest period of the Revolution, attempted the subjugation of Georgia and South Carolina. John Sevier, the most distinguished of the brave trio, was chosen the first Governor of Tennessee, when the territory was erected into a State in 1796, and was re-elected for a second term in 1803. A monument to his memory now stands in the public cemetery at Nashville. The work of these men, from the first settlement of Watauga in 1769 to the close of the War for Independence, is depicted by Edmund Kirke. The subject is inspiring, and has kindled the author's feeling to an extreme degree of ardor. He has gathered a part of the material for his history from original sources, and purposes to continue the work in a second volume carrying the lives of Sevier and Robinson to their conclusion.

AFTER his marked success in "Dr. Jekyll," one looks with more than ordinary interest at the announcement of a new story by Robert Louis Stevenson. The scene of "Kidnapped" (Scribner) is laid in the Highlands of Scotland in 1751, amid the stirring times which followed the defeat of the Young Pretender at Culloden. The story is related by David Balfour, a lad of seventeen, who has been kidnapped and sent to sea by the order of his uncle, who desires to retain possession of an estate of

which the boy is the rightful owner. The sufferings of the lad while on board the "Covenant," the cruelties to which the captain and his mates subject all who are under them, the saving from a capsized boat of the Jacobite Alan Stewart, the bloody termination of a plot to rob and murder Stewart, in whose defence David renders such valiant help, and the shipwreck of the brig on the little island of Erraid, on the west coast of Scotland, are all portrayed with a vividness which cannot fail to fasten the reader's attention. The dangers attending the presence of so violent a partisan as Stewart in that portion of the Highlands controlled by the hostile Campbells, are heightened by the tragic death of Colin Campbell, the "Red Fox." The Jacobite and his young companion, David Balfour, being accused of the crime, are posted as outlaws and hunted by the royal troops. After severe hardships, and with many hairbreadth escapes, they reach, far up on Ben Alder, the hiding-place known in history as the "Cage," where Cluny Macpherson lived for several years, and where he had sheltered from pursuit Prince Charlie himself. The book is filled with thrilling adventures, well told; and the reader, be he boy or man, will not willingly lay it aside until the last leaf is turned.

GEN. ADAM BADEAU's sketch of "The Aristocracy of England" (Harpers) is a picture drawn with a free and forcible hand. Gen. Badeau resided in England during the years between 1869 and 1881, serving a part of the time as Secretary of Legation, and afterwards as Consul-General at London. His official position gave him opportunities for observing the life of the court and the nobility from a near point of view; while, as we infer, his personal qualities gained him many peculiar privileges for studying the character and manners of a class of society which formed a subject of curious interest to one looking at it with the eye of a philosopher and a republican. Whether a guest at Windsor Castle, an attendant at royal pageants, an inmate of palaces or an associate of lords and ladies, Gen. Badeau preserved the character of a critic and historian, retaining a careful memory of passing scenes, personages, and incidents, in order to reproduce them in future records. In his portraits of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and personages of lower yet still exalted station, he has noted the salient features of their character and circumstances, meanwhile maintaining in his frankness a refined and courteous spirit. He does not claim for his narrative the dignity of a historical or political treatise, but with more of the fascination it unites much of the valuable information which is sought in more pretentious works.

MRS. LILLIE, the author of a little book entitled "The Story of Music and Musicians for Young Readers" (Harper), modestly disclaims the authority of a professional musician; nevertheless she has treated her subject with so much learning and ability that we must judge her to be as accomplished in music as she is in literature. The object of her book is to stimulate young students of the piano to intelligent and thorough work; and this effect it must produce upon every reader who has a true musical instinct and is capable of sincere and persevering effort. Its chapters skilfully mingle a history of the development of the science of music and of the lives of great musicians, with hints as to the means

of securing the surest and simplest progress in the study of the piano-forte. They point the way to a quick understanding of the ends of musical study, which are a mastery of the thought and the art united in all good compositions, and to a consequent delight in them. They show how the joys of the musician and the performer may be entered into by the learner in the very beginning, through careful practice and an intelligent interpretation. By thus revealing the pure and high rewards of art to the young players, the author performs her chief service for them, which not only they but the teacher and the parent will thankfully appreciate.

The travellers who have the art of seeing all that is worth seeing in their travels, and of describing what they see in a style so vivid, picturesque and entertaining as to make their readers sharers, almost equally with themselves, in the pleasure and profit of their journeyings, are rarely met with. To say that Miss Helen J. Sanborn is not such a traveller, is not, therefore, and is not intended to be, disparagement. She writes of her experiences and travels during "A Winter in Central America and Mexico" (Lee & Shepard). Of the former country, which has been seldom visited by tourists, she gives many interesting pictures, and much valuable information concerning its physical features, its material resources, and the manners and customs of the people. Of Mexico, which is better known and which is to the New World what Egypt or Palestine is to the Old, Miss Sanborn tells us nothing which may not be found in the works of other travellers; but she tells it in a style so straightforward and honest that the reader readily yields himself, with sympathetic interest, to her guidance over these classic lands of the Western World.

In the army of "Russian invasion of the realm of fiction" comes Nikolai Gogol, a Cossack by descent, whose literary instincts led him to believe there was material for an Iliad in the exploits of his savage ancestors. From the legends, traditions and impressions of his childhood, Gogol has constructed a series of romances of singular power and interest. The first of these works presented to American readers is "Taras Bulba," translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood, and published by T. Y. Crowell & Co. It is the story of a romantic old barbarian and his savage life in the Ukraine. The picture is a rough one, but shows the touch of a master hand. Gogol is one of those Russian authors who, within the last half-century, have done so much to develop a truly national literature. He died in 1852, but left a considerable number of works, chiefly historical-romances. These, we are glad to know, will be brought out in a series by the present publishers; but we could wish the translation of them a little better Anglicised than is that of "Taras Bulba."

MR. HENRY P. WELLS, known to lovers of the rod through his treatise on "Fly Rods and Fly Tackle," has prepared also a work on salmon fishing, with the title "The American Salmon Fisherman" (Harper). Mr. Wells confines his remarks on salmon rivers to those in Lower Canada, which are sufficiently numerous and well-stocked to satisfy the demand of the whole body of anglers east of the Rocky Mountains. He gives a full list of these rivers, with information regarding the purchase of

fishing privileges, and the probable expenses of every sort attendant upon the sport. This is supplemented with an inventory and description of the entire outfit of the fisherman, including clothing, tackle, etc., and explicit directions how to cast a fly and land the prize after it has taken the bait. An exciting account of the capture of a thirty-two pound salmon by the author, forms an appropriate termination to this angler's *vade mecum*.

MR. WASHBURNE AND THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

ALASSIO (ITALY), July 13, 1886.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DIAL.—Sir:—Allow me to say a few words in reply to the review of my "American Diplomacy" in your number for June last, with especial reference to a controverted statement about the appointments in the Consular and Diplomatic service immediately after the inauguration of General Grant in 1869.

I find from the Register of the State Department for July 1869, that very shortly after General Grant came into office there were changed 27 out of 35 Ministers, 7 out of 13 Secretaries of Legation, 5 out of 10 Consuls General, and 76 out of 156 Consuls who had a salary or fees amounting to \$1,500 or over, to say nothing of the Consuls of lower grade, who, receiving only \$1,000 or less, are allowed to do business, and are therefore of slight importance. In other words, out of 213 diplomatic and consular officials receiving salaries or emoluments of \$1,500 or upwards, 115 were changed. The chief and most important officers, and those whose salaries seemed to promise lucrative positions, were removed in a very brief space of time; for in few of the cases mentioned was the commission dated after May 1, and the commissions were given only after confirmation by the Senate and the compliance with certain formalities.

I must admit that I quoted from memory, but I have always believed that the changes were due to Mr. Washburne, and not to Mr. Fish. Verification is comparatively easy—at least approximately—by consulting in the New York daily newspapers the lists of appointments sent to the Senate during Mr. Washburne's term of office. If I am found to be wrong, I shall gladly change my statement, and express my regrets to Mr. Washburne, for whom personally I have a high respect, and for whose course, when Minister at Paris, great admiration.

I am, Sir, respectfully your obedient servant,
EUGENE SCHUYLER.

[The charge made by Mr. Schuyler in "American Diplomacy," to which our reviewer took decided exceptions, was to the effect that in the six days of Mr. Washburne's occupancy of the State Department he "removed the greater number of consular and diplomatic officers," and "filled their places with new and inexperienced men, appointed solely for partisan political services." As no one could know the facts in the case better than Mr. Washburne himself, we have laid Mr. Schuyler's communication before him for comment. He pronounces the statement in "American Diplomacy" grossly inaccurate, and confirms the denial made by our reviewer. Mr. Washburne also calls our attention to an editorial in the N. Y. Evening Post, giving the result of an examination of the files of newspapers as

suggested by Mr. Schuyler. The examination shows that "between the dates specified (March 4-12), but a single nomination was reported from the Department of State. Moreover, on March 10, the Tribune correspondent at Washington telegraphed: 'Secretary Washburne to-day stated an interesting fact in reply to the personal application of an office-seeker. He said he should make no appointments whatever while he remained in office, and that he could only receive the papers and place them on file; that his stay in the Department would be limited to a few days, and he did not intend to interfere in the question of appointments in that Department.' No nominations were, in fact, forthcoming up to March 17, when the same correspondent reported Mr. Washburne formally relieved by Mr. Fish's taking the oath of office." The evidence appealed to by Mr. Schuyler is thus found to be conclusively against him.—EDR. DIAL.]

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

THE "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," by his son Francis Darwin, will appear in the autumn.

A "DICTIONARY of Boston," modelled after the celebrated "Dickens Dictionary of London," is to be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

D. LOTHROP & Co. will bring out a new edition of the complete poems of Paul H. Hayne, by whose death, in July, the South lost her most estimable poet and man of letters.

THE Villon Society of London announce the publication, in December, of Payne's translation of Boccaccio's "Decameron," in three volumes, octavo, uniform with their issue of the "Arabian Nights." But seven hundred and fifty copies are to be made.

A NEW "Manual of North American Birds," by Prof. Robert Ridgway, Curator of the Department of Birds at the Smithsonian Institute, is soon to be published by J. B. Lippincott Co. It will contain over four hundred illustrations.

AMONG new periodicals announced for next year is "The Journal of Morphology," to be devoted principally to embryological, anatomical, and histological subjects. Ginn & Co., Boston, are to be its publishers.

TICKNOR & Co. make the interesting announcement of a novel of Japanese life, with illustrations from designs by Japanese artists resident in America. Its title is "A Muramasa Blade," and its author is Mr. Wertheimer, formerly a writer upon the "Japan Mail."

THE next volume of H. H. Bancroft's historical works will be the fifth relating to California, and will bring the record up to the discovery of gold in 1849—a period of peculiar interest. It is gratifying to know that the severe loss suffered by Mr. Bancroft in the fire of last spring will not check the regular publication of these excellent works.

T. Y. CROWELL & Co. have in press for immediate publication "Thoughts," by Joseph Roux, a parish priest in France. Also, "The Great Masters of Russian Literature in the Nineteenth Century," by Ernest Dupuy, translated by N. H. Dole; and Dr. Georg Brandes' "Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century," translated by Prof. Rasmus B. Anderson.

No. 17 of the Bibliographical Contributions of the Library of Harvard University, edited by Mr. Winsor, is a classified index to the Maps in the Royal Geographical Society's publications, 1830-83, 43 pages, prepared by Mr. Richard Beirs, of the Redwood Library, Newport, R. I. It is a very valuable contribution.

D. APPLETON & Co. will issue immediately "Studies in Modern Socialism and Labor Problems," by T. Edwin Brown, D.D. They announce also "Pepita Ximenes," a novel, from the Spanish of Juan Valera, with an introduction by the author, who was recently the Spanish Minister to this country; "The Two Spies" (André and Hale), by B. J. Lossing; and "A Politician's Daughter," by Myra S. Hamlin.

REGARDING the new magazine which it has been reported Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will soon undertake, the publishers authorize us to state that there will be such a magazine, that it will be illustrated, and will be called "Scribner's Magazine"—though in no sense a revival of the old "Scribner's," which is merged in the present "Century." Mr. E. L. Burlingame, an experienced and scholarly gentleman, is to be the editor.

D. C. HEATH & Co. announce for fall publication "An Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry," by Prof. Hiram Corson, of Cornell University. The work will include, with additions, the Papers on "The Idea of Personality, as Embodied in Browning's Poetry," and on "Art as an Intermediate Agency of Personality," which Prof. Corson read before the Browning Society in London. In addition to the selections from his works, with explanatory notes, the editor will present exegeses of a number of poems, without the texts, and a bibliography of Browning criticism. They announce also a book on Manual Training, by Prof. C. M. Woodward of Washington University, St. Louis, the founder of the first Manual Training School, strictly so-called.

WHILE François Victor Hugo was making his translation of Shakespeare, his father silenced his "stormy voice of France" for awhile, and beguiled a portion of his exile by long and profound musings upon all the questions that pertain to literary art and literary history. These reflections naturally clustered about the translation in which he was so deeply interested. Starting from Shakespeare, he swiftly traverses the whole realm of literary history, and seeks to point out and to characterize the immortals whose works will abide. Æschylus is to him the Shakespeare of antiquity, and to Æschylus he accordingly devotes nearly as much space as to Shakespeare. The work is conceived in no mere belletristic spirit: "To treat these questions," Hugo says, "is to explain the mission of art; to treat these questions is to explain the duty of human thought toward man." Gathering up all his judgments and impressions concerning the great books and the great authors of ancient and modern times, he binds them together in this glittering sheaf: the offering of the "wield Titan" of France to his Olympian master. This great work will soon be presented to American readers, in an English translation of exceptional excellence, prepared by Prof. Melville B. Anderson, who is well known to readers of THE DIAL. The publishers are A. C. McClurg & Co.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

AUGUST, 1886.

African Contingent, Our. E. M. Camp. *Forum*.
 Agrarian Agitation, Canadian. *Popular Science*.
 Algiers. *Century*.
 Around the Horn in '49. M. S. Prime. *Overland*.
 Art and Nature. Eva V. Carlin. *Overland*.
 Art, Jugglery in. E. R. Garczynski. *Forum*.
 Art Movement, The Western. R. Hitchcock. *Century*.
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